

# Good Morning 574

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## GRAND NEWS FOR FATHER, E.R.A. HARRY WILKINSON

THE news from 10, Oxford Road, Gillingham, for E.R.A. Harry Wilkinson is the best news from home any father could receive.

It is that your seven-months-old son and heir Howard said "Dada" for the first time just a week before we called. He must have known we would be expecting some news like that for you.

We were told you have never seen Howard—we'll, he certainly is the image of you, Harry. He has already become firm friends with your dog, Pearl.

If you can take your eyes off your heir for a few minutes you will see that your wife is still wearing that tiny model submarine you made for her. It looks nice, doesn't it?

Your wife was naturally full

of news about Howard, news that you will probably have heard already.

When we asked her what you used to do when you were on leave, she did say that you went dancing together at the Central, which will probably bring back memories to you.

Oh, and she adds that she hoped you hadn't been sleeping in any more bathrooms lately, but just what she meant by that we can't even guess.

Your wife finished her message by saying that she wants you home again so that you, too, can have some sleepless nights with the baby, although we couldn't bring ourselves to believe that such a good-looking baby as yours could give any one sleepless nights.

JULIAN MOUNTAIN suggests that when the fighting is over the P.M. may be honoured with a dukedom—for he is a natural aristocrat in an age of humdrum commoners.

## KNOW THIS INN?

A 230-YEAR-OLD inn—White-locks, Leeds, known to tens of thousands of people throughout the world and well remembered by many prominent theatricals and musicians—has been bought by a brewing firm from the family that has held the licence for nearly a century.

For generations its bar and dining-room have been the meeting place of business men, soldiers on leave, and theatricals. Many Yorkshire men have arranged to meet there for a celebration when Hitler and Hirohito are finally liquidated.

Nearly one hundred years ago the Whitelock family took over. William Henry was the youngest licensee in the city, and, with an elfish sense of humour, he fixed a metal sheet on the bar and connected it with an electric battery (a great novelty in those days). Unsuspecting customers got more than they bargained for when picking up change, much to the amusement of regular visitors.

His successor was Lupton Whitelock, an accomplished flautist, under whose management the inn became a Mecca of opera singers and musicians. It was regarded as the home of the Bohemians.

It was in 1897 that electric light was installed at the inn. The power was generated on the premises. Nineteenth century gentlemen with handle-bar moustaches sat over tankards, fascinated by Lupton's flute-playing. Huge two-gallon bottles of whisky, rum, and other spirits lined the bar. Roast beef, boiled ham, pork, could be got for the asking—but that was 1897.

Now the same bottles are filled with coloured water; boiled ham and old England's roast beef are rare delicacies; but it's still the best place in the city for a sandwich or a meat pie, and "Good Morning" is assured that the time will come when, in a more lavish fashion, the inn will hark back to this legend inscribed on one of its mellowed mahogany pillars: "Roast beef and potatoes, 3d.; Pies, 2d. Try our soup, cheese and biscuits, 1d."

Those were the days!

# Find a Title for Plain Mr. Churchill

HOW shall we reward Mr. Churchill when the fighting is over? Lesser politicians may become peers, minor strategists may become viscounts, and the earldoms may be bestowed on a host of deserving but minor saviours of their country.

Obviously Mr. Churchill could be honoured with nothing less than a dukedom.

This is not only because the Prime Minister's service has been so outstanding—another Marlborough, Pitt, Wellington—but also because he does happen to be a natural aristocrat in an age of very humdrum commoners.

He has been plain Mister Churchill from the beginning, but his lineage happens at the same time to be as blue-blooded as any in the land.

The younger son of the younger son of a Duke of Marlborough himself, he has surely earned by his magnificent leadership of England at her darkest and finest hour, great honour. But he cannot be a Duke of Marlborough, for the present Duke would remain the senior, thanks to the age of his title; but it would be nice to give

the nation's hero equal rank at least to his distinguished ancestor who defeated that earlier dictator, Louis XIV.

Would Mr. Churchill accept the honour? Well, it could be forced upon him if we all shouted loud enough.

How would the honour be bestowed? Merely by the King issuing his command. It is as easy to create a duke as a municipal knight.

But the King, for all that, does not make a habit of such creations. The rank is so high—next only to princes and princesses of the blood royal, the two archbishops, the Lord Chancellor and some others—that dukedoms are rarely created more than once in a long generation.

I am not, of course, speaking of dukedoms bestowed on members of the Royal Family itself. When princes reach a certain age they are usually given the honour. The last was Windsor (1936), then Kent (1934) and Gloucester (1928).

Outside the Royal Family there hasn't been a new dukedom for 50 years now, when the Duke of

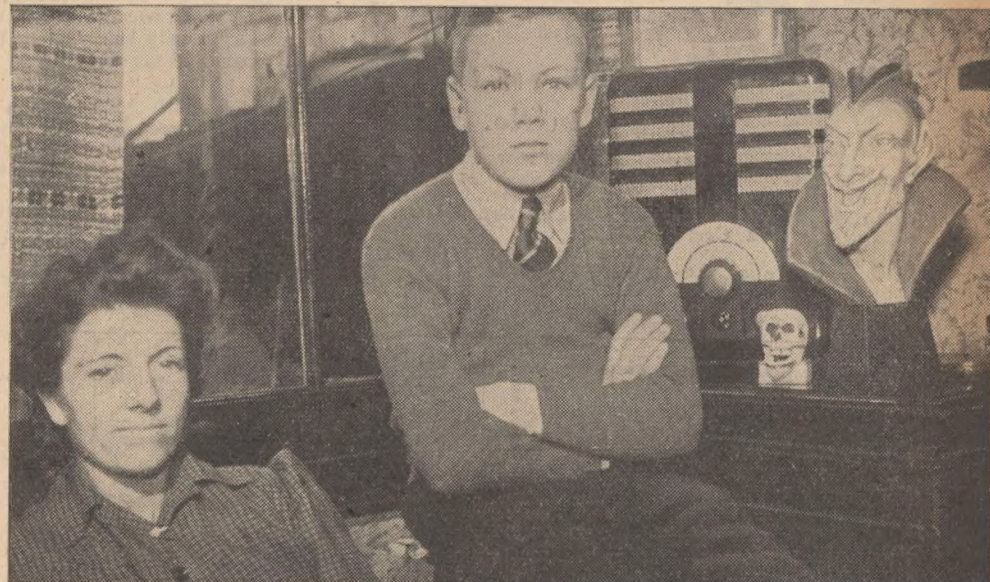
Argyll was created. Twenty years before that the first Duke of Westminster had come into being, in 1874 the Duke of Abercorn; in 1833 the Duke of Sutherland, in 1814 the Duke of Wellington. There are only 28 dukes to-day (eight of them Scots and Irish), as against 40 marquesses, 202 earls.

Not even a marquess came from the last war, apart from creations in the Royal Family. It is significant of the uniform dullness of military talent then that earldoms rewarded most of the big names—Beatty, Haig, French.

But this time Mr. Churchill has earned the highest that a sovereign can give. Created a duke, he would be entitled to be addressed as "Most high, potent and noble prince." And that would about suit the circumstances of the case.

Duke of what? Well, that would be for himself to decide. But there is plenty of scope.

For example, he could be Duke of Dover, or Duke of London, or Sussex, or the Cinque Ports, or the Channel, or—Albion?



## Picture by Request CH/E.R.A. CHARLES FINK

WE were told you weren't at home when we called at 23 Pretoria Road, Gillingham, Chief E.R.A. Charles Fink, but we thought at first that we had been misinformed when we saw that face which appears on the right of the photograph.

Surely, we thought, that must be Charles Fink in the corner; but no, we eventually discovered our mistake!

But seriously, Charles, we were really sorry to have missed you by so few days. Still,

you wanted a picture of your wife and young Charles, and here it is.

As you were home so recently, there is nothing much in the way of news that we can tell you, apart from the fact that your wife has now got over her chill, and that young Charles is getting more like you every day.

What a day it would be for the Submarine Service if it could boast of two Charles Finks in its ranks. You would have to look out for yourself then!

## Home Town Talk

THERE was a flurry of blue serge skirts outside Bride-well Police Station, in Bristol, the other day. A posse of women police were making history in the city.

Overnight, as it were, they became mobile. The powers-that-be issued them with bikes and the women went off on patrol.

Passers-by paused in amazement as they observed their sedate women police gingerly mounting their machines

and pedalling off in pairs on their beat.

One wag must have been thinking about the Canadian Mounties when he commented, "Off to get their man . . . !" But true it is that none of the women police are married.

### PARKING

BOWING to a mighty storm of protest, Bristol City Council has decided not to erect temporary dwellings along the fringes of the public parks. Two thousand of these dwellings are allocated to Bristol to help relieve the acute housing shortage there.

So Housing Department officials, looking round for "house room," decided that as good a place as any would be to erect them in the parks.

Hardly had this plan become known than a shoal of protests poured into the department. Letters were written to the papers and protest meetings were held

until in the end officialdom conceded to seek alternative sites.

Now it has been announced that the "houses in parks" scheme has been abandoned in all except two instances. This means that only two of Bristol's parks will have their fringes encroached upon. When these temporary dwellings arrive, however, it will help a great deal towards accommodating the 7,500 people who are seeking homes in the city.

### SNUFF.

NOW from beer to snuff. You may have read or heard the story about Billy Weston, licensee of the Prince of Wales, Gloucester-road, Bristol, and his "dynamite" snuff.

To recall it, a stranger walked into his bar, accepted a pinch, and promptly went into a fit of sneezing. Then he started groping under the table on his hands and knees

because he had sneezed his glass eye out!

Since publication of the story in Service newspapers all over the world, Billy Weston has been inundated with requests for a sample of his snuff.

So far Billy has sent off 109 half-ounce samples to places as far distant as Holland and India.

A lance-corporal with the British Liberation Army wrote for some with this comment, "Send enough for our whole outfit and we'll sneeze Jerry off the face of the earth."

### SHIP'S BREW.

FROM houses to beer. It is a Bristol firm, incidentally, which has patented the special process of brewing beer on board ship.

The firm, Messrs. George Adlam and Sons, Ltd., of Parnall-road, Fishponds, brewers' engineers, has been given the contract for equipping the "amenity" ships which are to

sail from Britain to the Far East to slake the thirst of the men serving there.

Nicknamed "floating breweries," these ships will be equipped with special apparatus to enable brewing to proceed even while the ships are proceeding from port to port, and the quality of the beer will be unimpaired.

None of the beer, by the way, is to be brewed in Britain. Down in the holds of the ships will be stacked huge quantities of malt extracts and hop concentrates. From these ingredients beer—"good English brew" it has been described—will be produced.

Expert tasters have already sampled the results of this novel process. Their verdict is, "Highly satisfactory."

### PEACE OMEN.

WHEN war was declared on September 3, 1939, a school of kingfishers took flight

and deserted their customary haunt at the famous Roman Bath in Bath.

Nothing more was seen or heard of them until the other day. Now, as suddenly as they went, the kingfishers have returned.

And Mr. J. Paige, a guide at the Roman Bath, thinks this might be a sign of early peace. Let's hope that Mr. Paige and his school of kingfishers are right.

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



## Continuing JUST MEAT

### By JACK LONDON

HE picked it out from the sparkling heap and held it near to the lamp with the air of an expert, weighing and judging. "Worth a thousan' all by its lonely," was Jim's quicker judgment.

"A thousan' your grand-mother," was Matt's scornful rejoinder. "You couldn't buy it for three."

"Wake me up! I'm dreamin'!" The sparkle of the gems was in Jim's eyes, and he began sorting out the larger diamonds and examining them. "We're rich men, Matt—we'll be regular swells."

"It'll take years to get rid of 'em," was Matt's more practical thought.

"But think how we'll live! Nothin' to do but spend the money an' go on gettin' rid of 'em."

Matt's eyes were beginning to sparkle, though sombrely, as his phlegmatic nature woke up.

"I told you I didn't dast think

how fat it was," he murmured in a low voice.

"What a killin'! What a killin'!" was the other's more ecstatic utterance.

"I almost forgot," Matt said, thrusting his hand into his inside coat pocket.

A string of large pearls emerged from wrappings of tissue paper and chamois skin. Jim scarcely glanced at them.

"They're worth money," he said, and returned to the diamonds.

A silence fell on the two men. Jim played with the gems, running them through his fingers, sorting them into piles, and spreading them out flat and wide. He was a slender, weazened man, nervous, irritable, high-strung, and anaemic—a typical child of the gutter, with unbeautiful twisted features, small-eyed, with face and mouth perpetually and feverishly hungry, brutish in a cat-like way, stamped to the core with degeneracy.

# "Do me dirt and I'll fix you . . . I'LL BITE RIGHT INTO YOUR THROAT"

Matt did not finger the diamonds. He sat with chin on hands and elbows on table, blinking heavily at the blazing array. He was in every way a contrast to the other. No city had bred him. He was heavy-muscled and hairy, gorilla-like in strength and aspect. For him there was no unseen world. His eyes were full and wide apart, and there seemed in them a certain bold brotherliness. They inspired confidence. But a closer inspection would have shown that his eyes were just a trifle too full, just a shade too wide apart. He exceeded, spilled over the limits of normality, and his features told lies about the man beneath.

"The bunch is worth fifty thousan'," Jim remarked suddenly. "A hundred thousan'," Matt said. The silence returned and endured a long time, to be broken again by Jim.

"What in hell was he doin' with 'em all at the house?—that's what I want to know. I'd a-thought he'd kept 'em in the safe down at the store."

Matt had just been considering the vision of the throttled man as he had last looked upon him in the dim light of the electric lantern; what he builded. Then it was that he giggled. It was all too impossible to be real. And yet there they were. "He might a-ben gettin' fanned the flame of the lust of him, and he giggled again.

"I guess we might as well count 'em," Matt said suddenly,

happened along. I guess there's just as many thieves among honest men as there is among thieves. You read about such things in the papers, Jim. Pardners is always knifin' each other."

A queer, nervous look came into the other's eyes. Matt did not betray that he noted it, though he said:

"What was you thinkin' about, Jim?"

Jim was a trifle awkward for the moment.

"Nothin'," he answered.

"Only I was thinkin' just how funny it was—all them jools at his house. What made you ask?"

"Nothin'. I was just wonderin', that was all."

The silence settled down, broken by an occasional low and nervous giggle on the part of Jim. He was overcome by the spread of gems. It was not that he felt their beauty. He was unaware that they were beautiful in themselves. But in them his swift imagination visioned the joys of life they would buy, and all the desires and appetites of his diseased mind and sickly flesh were tickled by the promise they extended. He builded wondrous, orgy-haunted castles out of their brilliant fires, and was appalled at dim light of the electric lantern; what he builded. Then it was that he giggled. It was all too impossible to be real. And yet there they were. "He might a-ben gettin' fanned the flame of the lust of him, and he giggled again.

"I guess we might as well count 'em," Matt said suddenly,

tearing himself away from his own visions. "You watch me an' see that's it square, because you an' me has got to be on the square, Jim. Understand?"

Jim did not like this, and betrayed it in his eyes, while Matt did not like what he saw in his partner's eyes.

"Understand?" Matt repeated almost menacingly.

"Ain't we always ben square?" the other replied, on the defensive because of the treachery already whispering in him.

"It don't cost nothin' bein' square in hard times," Matt retorted. "It's bein' square in prosperity that counts. When we ain't got nothin', we can't help bein' square. We're prosperous now, an' we've got to be business men—honest business men. Understand?"

"That's the talk for me," Jim approved, but deep down in the meagre soul of him—and in spite of him—wanton and lawless thoughts were stirring like chained beasts.

Matt stepped to the food shelf behind the two-burner kerosene cooking stove. He emptied the tea from a paper bag, and from a second bag emptied some red dim light of the electric lantern; what he builded. Then it was that he giggled. It was all too impossible to be real. And yet there they were. "He might a-ben gettin' fanned the flame of the lust of him, and he giggled again.

"Hundred an' forty-seven good-sized ones," was his inventory;

"twenty real big ones; two big boys and one whopper; an' a couple of fistfuls of teeny ones an' dust."

He looked at Jim. "Correct," was the response.

He wrote the count out on a slip of memorandum paper, and made a copy of it, giving one slip to his partner and retaining the other.

"Just for reference," he said.

Again he had recourse to the food shelf, where he emptied the sugar from a large paper bag. Into this he thrust the diamonds, large and small, wrapped it up in a bandanna handkerchief, and stowed it away under his pillow. Then he sat down on the edge of the bed and took off his shoes.

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. Gabbro is a film star, clown, kind of rock, fairy, drink coarse mortar?
2. What is the other name for the game of skittles?
3. How did the Red Cross flag originate?
4. What lady was once proclaimed Queen of England for one day?

5. In what country would you expect to find Kalgoorlie?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Telescope, Microscope, Periscope, Bioscope, Polariscope.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 573

1. Waste raw silk.
2. Mime.
3. Archimedes.
4. Venus, when it is an even-numbered star.
5. A vast coniferous forest in northern Siberia.
6. Chianti is a wine; others are musical forms.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THE reopening of all cotton spinning mills closed under the war-time concentration scheme is recommended by the Cotton Board to the Board of Trade. A request has been made that the Board of Trade fix a date for the reopening as early as possible, on the understanding that "care and maintenance" payments by nucleus mills, under a proposed agreement, are allowed as expenses for taxation purposes.

The committee representing nucleus and closed mills, in a report, states: "We are entirely opposed to the method of reopening by any form of selection as between one mill and another, except in a few isolated cases."

THE shortage of labour, says the committee, will be one of the major problems to be solved, and vigorous action by the Government and trade organisations will be necessary to make it good. It is not expected that there will be a sufficient number of operatives to permit of the reopening of closed mills on a considerable scale before the end of the war in Europe, but during the interim period before that date sufficient operatives might be released from munitions to permit the reopening of a few mills.

So we still have the Wakes weeks to look forward to. Ee, I'm glad!

### I QUOTE and endorse a "Daily Mirror" Leader:

"A campaign to prevent blindness is to be promoted. A million pounds is being asked for by the National Institute for the Blind, and the money will be used to establish research centres. Most truly a worthy object. But we feel, as we have felt in regard to other similar things, such as the cure of cancer, that such work should not be dependent on private charity, but should be regarded as a matter of national concern. In comparison with the enormous cost of the war, a few millions for scientific research in the fight against disease would seem but a drop in the ocean."

### BEELZEBUB JONES



THEN I COVERS THE CAT WIT' A CLOTH - SEE?



I WHIPS OFF TH' CLOTH... AND THERE'S AN EGG!



THAR'S JEST ONE THING, LEM - THAT AIN'T NO EGG, THAT'S A FIRE CRACKER!



SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG WIT' THIS TRICK - THAT SHOULDA BIN AN EGG!

### BELINDA



SIT QUIET AN' BE'AVE YERSELF, ME BOY - JUST LIKE YOU WAS IN CHURCH! SH!



A HUSH FALLS ON THE AUDIENCE AS THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE FIRST ACT OF "CINDERELLA IN BOMB ALLEY"...

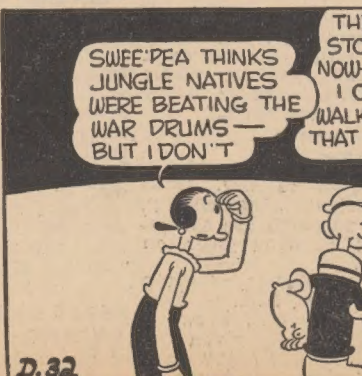


MY SISTERS HAVE TAKEN ALL MY COUPONS TO BUY THEMSELVES BEAUTIFUL DRESSES GODMOTHER, WHILE I - ER -



- 'AVE TO SIT AT 'OME AND FILL UP THE RATION BOOKS!

### POPEYE



SWEET-PEA THINKS JUNGLE NATIVES WERE BEATING THE WAR DRUMS - BUT I DON'T

THEY STOPPED NOW - PRAPS I ORTA WALK OVER THAT WAY?

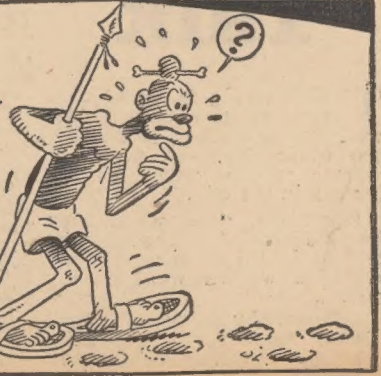


THEY'S NOTHIN' BUT SNOW AS FAR AS YA KIN SEE JUS' SNOW AN MORE SNOW



JUNGLE NATIVES ARE ARE

THAT'S GOOFY





# WANGLING WORDS—513

1. Insert consonants in \*U\*\*A\*Y and \*O\*\*A\*\*Y and get two Italian States.  
2. Here are two composers whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Who are they?  
TEZZOM — TARIB.

3. If "sway" is the "way" of swings, what is the way of (a) Hikers, (b) Crabs?  
4. Find the two Services (initials) hidden in: Before you stir, ascertain the time the train arrives at Southampton.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 512

1. NORMANDY, PICARDY.  
2. BELFAST—DUBLIN.  
3. (a) Pendulum, (b) Suspender, (c) Pendulous (or Pendant).  
4. L-N-E-R., G-W-R.

## JANE



(Continued from Page 2)

"An' you think they're worth a hundred thousan'?" Jim asked, pausing and looking up from the unlacing of his shoe.

"Sure," was the answer. "I seen a dancehouse girl down in Arizona once, with some big sparklers on her. They wasn't real. She said if they was she wouldn't be dancin'. Said they'd be worth all of fifty thousan', an' she didn't have a dozen of 'em all to'd."

"Who'd work for a livin'?" Jim triumphantly demanded. "Pick an' shovel work!" he sneered. "Work like a dog all my life, an' save all my wages an' I wouldn't have half as much as we got to-night."

"Dish washin's about your measure, an' you couldn't get more'n twenty a month an' board. Your figgers is 'way off, but your point is well taken. Let them that likes it, work. I rode range for thirty a month when I was young an' foolish. Well, I'm older, an' I ain't ridin' range."

He got into bed on one side. Jim put out the light and followed him in on the other side.

# JUST MEAT

"How's your arm feel?" Jim queried amiably.

Such concern was unusual, and Matt noted it, and replied—

"I guess there's no danger of hydrophoby. What made you ask?"

Jim felt in himself a guilty stir, and under his breath he cursed the other's way of asking disagreeable questions; but aloud he answered—

"Nothin', only you seemed scared of it at first. What are you goin' to do with your share, Matt?"

"Buy a cattle ranch in Arizona an' set down an' pay other men to ride range for me. There's some several I'd like to see askin' a job from me, damn them! An' now you shut your face, Jim. It'll be some time before I buy that ranch. Just now I'm going to sleep."

But Jim lay long awake, nervous and twitching, rolling about rest-

lessly and rolling himself wide awake every time he dozed. The diamonds still blazed under his eyelids, and the fire of them hurt. Matt, in spite of his heavy nature, slept lightly, like a wild animal alert in its sleep; and Jim noticed, every time he moved, that his partner's body moved sufficiently to show that it had received the impression and that it was trembling on the verge of awakening. For that matter, Jim did not know whether or not, frequently, the other was awake. Once, quietly, betokening complete consciousness, Matt said to him: "Aw, go to sleep, Jim. Don't worry about them jools. They'll keep." And Jim had thought that at that particular moment Matt had been surely asleep.

In the late morning Matt was awake with Jim's first movement, and thereafter he awoke and dozed with him until midday, when they got up together and began dressing.

"I'm goin' out to get a paper

an' some bread," Matt said. "You boil the coffee."

As Jim listened, unconsciously his gaze left Matt's face and roved to the pillow, beneath which was the bundle wrapped in the bandanna handkerchief. On the instant Matt's face became like a wild beast's.

"Look here, Jim," he snarled. "You've got to play square. If you do me dirt, I'll fix you. Understand? I'd eat you, Jim. You know that. I'd bite right into your throat an' eat you like that much beefsteak."

(More to-morrow)

## TO-DAY'S LAUGH

Shop Assistant (pointing to a row of chickens): "This chicken, ma'am?"

Customer: "No."

Shop Assistant: "This one?"

Customer: "No."

Shop Assistant: "This one?"

Customer: "No."

Shop Assistant: "Well, let me know when I'm getting warm."

\* \* \*

A small boy applied for a job at a fishmonger's.

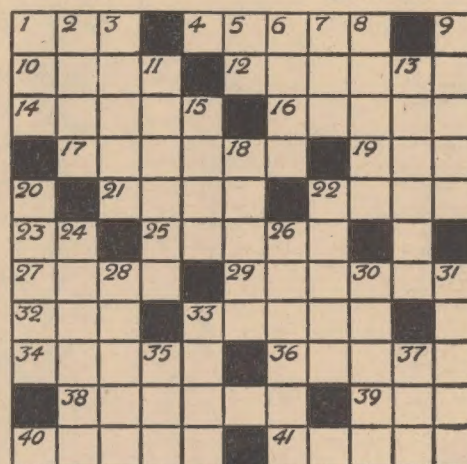
"What would twenty pounds of salmon be at threepence a pound?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Bad!" answered the boy at once.

He got the job.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



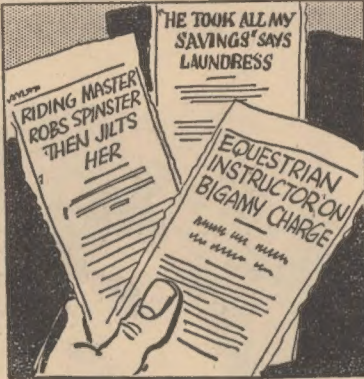
1 Long tear.  
4 Malacca Man.  
10 Border on.  
12 Foreign lady.  
14 Musical note.  
16 Reptile.  
17 Rubbish.  
19 Bird.  
21 Vague.  
22 Shellfish.  
23 Decoration.  
25 Akrual tract.  
27 Package.  
29 Admitting.  
32 Wrath.  
33 Vegetable.  
34 Not so wild.  
36 Portable vehicle.  
38 Neglected.  
39 Urge.  
40 Boy's name.  
41 Men and women.

CLUES DOWN.

1 Male animal.  
2 Bird.  
3 Mixed drink.  
5 Because.  
6 Meadows.  
7 Plus.  
8 Warble.  
9 Salisbury.  
11 Vehement outcry.  
13 Walt.  
15 Labyrinth.  
18 Tall support.  
20 Bounds.  
22 Boat.  
24 Table-bottle.  
26 Turns.  
28 Fruit.  
30 Forefinger.  
31 Working parties.  
33 Wild revel.  
35 Go astray.  
37 Space of time.

BOWLS ASSAM  
L HALIBUT U  
AMITY JEANS  
COLT CUTLET  
KNEELER KEY  
S RIDES D  
POM TAPOLE  
LOADER AREA  
INCUR GRASS  
E ANALYST E  
DOWEL MEETS

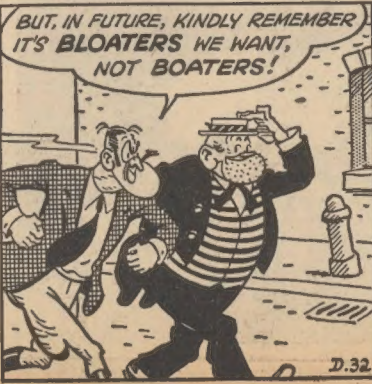
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## PHIZ QUIZ



He's had girl trouble. He can sing a bit, dance a bit more, and clown with the best of 'em. Most women want to push the hair out of his eyes, some want to spank him. (Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 573: Tom Walls.

## DALE EVANS

DALE EVANS was born in Uvaldo, Texas, of Scotch, Irish and English descent. Her father was a cotton grower, and Dale spent most of her early life in various towns in North Texas, although she graduated from high school and took business training in Memphis, Tennessee.

Returning to Texas, she went to work as a stenographer for an insurance company. Her boss had an interest in a radio show at a small local station, and he urged her to sing and play the piano in the show one night as a guest entertainer.

Dale's songs went over so well that the station offered her a fifteen-minute sustainer in an early-morning "cheer-up" show.

From Dallas she went to Chicago, where she became the soloist with Anson Week's band, later appearing at the famous Chez Paree. It was here that she put over her original song, "Will you marry me, Mr. Laramie?" with Ray Bolger "stooging" for her. For two and a half years she starred in various radio shows in Chicago, appearing in the Dari-Rich show with Tod Hunter and with Caesar Petrillo's orchestra.

Since coming to Hollywood she has carried on successfully a dual career in radio and pictures.

Dick Gordon



# Good Morning



**THIS ENGLAND.** To important men who sit in offices it is the "Grand Union Canal." To the folk who live in the villages through which it passes, and spend peaceful evenings fishing its waters or strolling its banks, it is known familiarly as "The Cut." But to the quiet-eyed men and women who live in the painted barges, it is something much more. It is their Life. The whole of it. As likely as not their children were born in their boat. When they went to school it was to the barge-boys' school, moored in Paddington Basin. Their "evenings out" are spent in the quiet pubs beside the locks. Good folk, leading good and useful lives.



"I PRESS THE BLACK NOTE DOWN, AND THE MUSIC GOES ROUND AND AROUND."

"It is my considered opinion that the piano is musically the purest instrument yet devised by man. It is also my considered opinion that it's a blooming shame my legs are not long enough to reach the loud pedal. I'd show her what fortissimo really means!"



## WITHOUT VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT

Blokes, we're fascinated! We've spent an hour trying to figure out just how Columbia's Janet Blair maintains her sang-froid and her balance in her present position. Does the gal do it by will-power or has she a hook in the seat of her pants!



## FATHER'S PIN-UP GIRL

It might have been better if the Old Boy had lent his girl friend a couple of hi: spare pins. In our opinion, a discreet tuck or two in a strategic position would be the making of these clinging cami-knicks.



## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I can't bear it—she's breaking my heart!"

